

Halo: The Alliance

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Summary: Corporal Vito Targett, ODS1 first platoon, drops from the InAmberClad onto Delta Halo. But when he crash lands elsewhere on Halo, and his biometer reads that he's dead, it will take more than a cool head and steady hand to get him out of this one.

1. Prologue

****Prologue ****

****0800 October 20, 2552(Military Calendar) ****

****In Pursuit of the Prophet of Regret ****

"Cortana, is there any way we can figure out where we're goin'?"
Commander Miranda Keyes asked the A.I from her command seat aboard the spaceship In Amber Clad.

"I'd attempt to tap into the Covenant networks, but we may be found out. Right now Regret thinks we're just a harmless piece of debris." The construct replied from within her cyborg's helmet. The Master Chief looked over at Sergeant Avery A.J Johnson, who was about to speak, but silenced himself when he heard Keyes's voice through the intercom.

"Okay. All personnel to Class C stations. I want all available airmen at their ships ASAP. Also, prepare first platoon ODS1 for immediate launch, and second and third on standby. I have no idea where we're headed, but I doubt it'll be friendly." Keyes ordered.

As soon as Keyes gave the order, first platoon readied themselves. Corporal Vito Targett grabbed his P-545, a futurized version of the P-90 sub-machine gun, his m6c pistol, and 4 fragmentation grenades. He loaded his gun as he moved towards his pod.

"How'd you score that sweet gun, Targett?" asked Private Mancini.

"Gunny made it for me for savin' his ass back on Omicron 8," Vito explained.

"Well I'll just have to pull his ass outta the fire, too!"

"Don't count on it, son," Gunnery Sergeant William Mitchell exclaimed as he walked in the room. "First platoon ready to roll, Commander," he then said through the intercom.

"Good, standby until further orders," Commander Keyes replied.

"Yes ma'am,"

"Alright boys, there's no way to tell how long it'll be untilâ€¦" Mitchell started, but was interrupted when the whole ship shook due to rapid deceleration. Vito looked on through his open pod as Mitchell stood silent. Finally, after a few moments, he spoke;

"It's go-time! We'll have some help on this one." He said as the Master Chief walked in.

"Hey, sir, you know where we are?" asked Mancini.

"Halo," replied Cortana.

Before he knew it, Targett's pod was launched from the ship, like it's been done dozens of times before. However, this time was uneasy. He only heard rumors of Halo; that it housed a creature that turned humans into monsters, that it could destroy the whole galaxy, that the ground was made of acid. He hoped that the rumors were false. He could handle the Covenant. He could fight them on his own planets. But he had no idea what atrocities Halo held, and he didn't want to find out. He checked his data. Altitude: Good. Speed: Good. He noticed the air-brakes opened a tad late, but that should be alright. As he was gaining closer to Halo, he looked in the LZ screen and saw old ruins appear next to a lake. As he neared the ruins, he could make out plasma turrets dotting the hills. They began to fire upon them. A few blobs of plasma hit his pod, one denting it in close to his face. One shot hit his air-brakes, and after a few more, he lost visual. He saw his Altitude was decreasing rapidly. 300 metersâ€¦â€¦200 metersâ€¦â€¦.100 meters â€¦90 â€¦80 â€¦70 ...60 ...50 ..40 ..30 ..20 â€¦10â€¦

He awoke, hours later in his crashed pod. He pushed the button to open his hatch, which went unlocked but sparked. Vito kicked it out and rubbed his head. He was nowhere near the ruins he saw earlier. He stepped out of the pod.

"At least the ground's not acid," He said to nobody. He tried his radio.

"This is Corporal Targett, com inâ€¦ This Corporal Vito Targett, ODST first platoon, anybody read meâ€¦Damn,"

He then checked his biometer. It read that he was dead.

****Chapter 1: Breathing****

****1000 October 20, 2552(Military Calendar) ****

****Unknown Location on Delta Halo****

Targett checked his gun; it still worked. He checked his rations; enough for three days. He tried the radio; nothing. He checked his biometer; he was still dead. Things were looking bad.

"But," he thought, "I'm still breathing."

He began to survey his surroundings. His pod had crashed at the foot of a large mountain, which he had seen on his way in. Off in the distance, he could see a building jutting out of a lake. If the mountains were causing interference, then he had to make it to that building. As he was about to set off, he heard the sound of a Phantom's engines in the distance. They must of saw his crashed pod and sent out a scout. He had to act fast. He put two frag grenades inside his pod, set them to proximity mode, placed the hatch on, then took cover in a nearby cave. He screwed his suppressor onto his P-545 and watched from his secluded location as the Phantom neared the crash site. Two Elites and three grunts were lowered onto the ground. The Elites moved toward the pod, one with his carbine ready and the other off to side. The grunts held their plasma pistols aimed at the pod. Quickly, one Elite ripped open the hatch and immediately it exploded, killing the two Elites and two grunts. The Phantom fired its weapons as the third grunt was running towards it, and was caught in the crossfire. A few shots came precariously close to Targett, but they got a nearby rock instead. By the time the Phantom stopped shooting, the Pod and the grunt were nearly incinerated. After realizing there was no more threat, the Phantom flew away. Vito leapt from his hole with a sigh of relief. He was still breathing. He gathered a few plasma grenades from the dead Elites, then began to make his way towards the building, which he estimated was four kilometers away.

"That building looks like a temple," Targett thought as he made his way towards the temple, "And Regret's probably gonna' be there, which means first platoon will be there."

As he got closer to the building, he realized that there was no land route to the temple. He'd either have to find a boat or a plane, or swim. He then thought that maybe the water was made of acid. He quickly dismissed the thought as he heard a Covenant patrol coming around the bend. He could hear two grunts grumbling, and knew that there would be an Elite among them. He took cover behind a rock and readied a grenade. The Elite came around the corner first and Targett threw his grenade. The Elite was able to jump out of the way, but the two grunts and jackal that followed wasn't. The Elite fired two shots at Targett before taking cover behind a large rock. The first whizzed by his head, but the second struck his shoulder. Luckily, his armor absorbed most of the blast and he was able to keep his position. The Elite jumped atop the rock to try and surprise Targett, but he saw this and fired a burst of rounds at him. He fell from the rock and landed on his back, Plasma Rifle no longer in his hand. Vito ran from his cover and to the other side of the rock to attack the unarmed Elite, but he picked up two nearby plasma pistols and fired at Targett. Targett fell to the ground and littered the Elites body with rounds. He checked to make sure his foe was dead, then inserted

another clip into his P-545. He bandaged his small wound on his arm.

"I'm still breathing," He thought. He didn't have time to think of much else as two Elites rounded the corner.

"Loooooook!" One yelled as it fired his Plasma Rifle at him. Targett grabbed a plasma pistol as he dove behind the rock. Holding it in his left hand and his P-545 in his right, he stepped out and fired. The large Plasma bolt met one of the Elites, which was followed by a burst of rounds that struck him in the chest. As his fellow Elite fell dead, the other ran at Targett, firing his Needler. The needles hit the rock and bounced away. Targett emptied the rest of his clip into the Elite, but it only took down his shields. The Elite tossed away his Needler, pulled out an energy sword, and charged Vito. Vito hurriedly grabbed his pistol as his foe barreled toward him. He brought it out and fired one shot. The bullet entered the alien's skull. The Elite fell at Vito's feet, dead. Vito, relieved, reloaded his weapons and set out for the lake. He stopped atop a hill and surveyed his surroundings. There was a structure on one side of a valley, with a light bridge spanning the gap. Outside the building, many Covenant were guarding it. There were four Plasma Turrets manned by grunts, two Elites next to Ghosts, another Elite patrolling, three shielded Jackals, and one Jackal sniper.

"Just my luck," Targett thought as he contemplated what to do. It would be hard to make his way across the bridge unseen. Hard, but not impossible. He moved for cover behind a rock further down the hill, then another still further down. From this position, he crouch-walked to a nearby tree. From here he was in range of the Jackal Sniper patrolling atop the building. He pulled his P-545's scope up to his eye and carefully lined up the crosshair to the Jackal's head. He pulled the trigger and the Jackal fell, dead. Targett looked around to see if he was spotted, then began to move for the structure. He saw that the Elites guarding the Ghosts weren't paying much attention to them. He ran to them. He was spotted, and one jumped in a Ghost and the other stood firing at him. Targett gunned him down with half of a clip from his P-545 and hopped in the ghost. He chased after the first Elite, firing the Ghost's cannons as well his P-545. The Elite's Ghost, hit with a few shots, flew out of control off a cliff. Targett turned his Ghost towards the bridge and fired the thrusters. On the other side of the valley, a group of Grunts were running around the corner, followed by a Wraith. He slowed the Ghost and fired at the Grunts, constantly moving to avoid the Wraith's mortars.

"Flare!" One of the Grunts said as he threw a plasma grenade at Vito. The grenade stuck on the front end of the Ghost. Targett quickly jammed the thruster and leapt from his alien vehicle. The ghost careened into the Wraith and the combined explosion from the plasma grenade and the Ghost itself made the tank explode. Targett hurriedly got up and looked around. All that survived was the Grunt that had stuck him. Vito grabbed him by the back and held its face up to him.

"D-demon!" The grunt said, trembling.

"Hehe, nice try, bitch," Targett said, stabbed him with his combat knife and tossed him aside. He looked over to see the rest of the Covenant forces running for the bridge. Targett prepared for combat,

and then noticed a control panel for the bridge. He ran to it, and pushed a symbolâ€¦ nothing. He pushed another symbolâ€¦ nothing. A blast from a Carbine flew past his head, while a less-powerful plasma bolt struck the side of his armor. Finally, frustrated, Vito backed up and fired a few rounds at the control panel. It sparked and the light bridge dissipated. The Covenant forces fell to their deaths. Vito automatically checked his biometer, then laughed when it showed no bars.

"But I'm still breathing."

End
file.